

THE BEACON

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Photo by F. W. Hill.

IN VACATION-LAND.

"THE PEARL OF ORR'S ISLAND."

A Boat that Ran Away.

BY LILLIAN HARFORD.

"HEY,—Jeanette! Hoo-hoo!" shouted Robert through the megaphone formed by his hands. "Come on over! I want to tell you something."

"All right-e-e, I'm coming!" shrilled a voice, and racing over the lawn and diving through the gap in the hedge that separated the two summer-places, Jeanette, somewhat out of breath, joined the boy in the jacky-suit, who was waiting for her at the top of the steps leading down to his father's pier.

"What is it, Robert? Hope it's something good!" she panted with eager inquiry.

"You bet it is! Now, you see that boat out there?"

"Why, of course! But what's that got to do with it?"

"Well, I just wanted to tell you it's mine now!" asserted the boy proudly as he glanced at the bobbing craft tied at the end of the pier, and then looked at his playmate expectantly, to see the effect of his announcement.

"Why-e-e, Robert, what a whopper!" she exclaimed. "That's your uncle's new boat, and I know it!"

"You mean it used to be his!" he corrected. "It's mine now, all right. When we were out in it this morning I helped Uncle Jim a whole lot in sailing it, and he said I made such a good sailor, he'd have to give the boat to me, but he'd use it until I was big enough to sail it by myself. He told me to name it, too, and what do you think I'm going to call it?"

"Oh, I don't know," in a somewhat disappointed tone; "there are such lots of pretty names. Let me see," she murmured thoughtfully. "Bluebird is pretty, and so is Seagull."

"Na! I'm not going to name it after some silly bird!" scoffed Robert, "unless you're a bird. I'm going to call her 'The Jeanette'! How'll you like that?"

"Oh, goody! goody! Why, I think you're the nicest boy in the whole world!" bubbled the delighted girl, clapping her hands in ecstasy. Then suddenly throwing her arms around her companion's neck, she gave him a vigorous hug.

"Here! Cut that out!" he growled, noting the smiling faces of some people in a passing row-boat, and feeling that such demonstrations were unsuitable for an eleven-

year-old boy, the owner of a full-grown sail-boat. "Don't be a little silly!"

"Well, but, Robert, I'm so excited! And are you going to let me help you sail it? Then it'll seem a little bit like mine, too, you know."

"Sure thing!" he returned more graciously. "You can be the mate. Of course I'd be the captain. And—say! We'll go in the races and beat every old boat on the lake! Won't we have some fun, though? Come along! Let's go on her now and pretend we're sailing. I'll begin teaching you about it right away."

As this was agreeable to Jeanette, they ran out to the end of the pier, and, pulling energetically on the painter, soon had the small craft alongside the wharf from which they scrambled aboard.

They played very contentedly for some time; taking an imaginary voyage which seemed quite real, with the sail flapping and fluttering in the breeze that appeared to be doing its best to get away with the little vessel.

"I wonder why Uncle Jim didn't take down this sail," scolded Robert when the boom, which could swing a little to either side, had nearly knocked him overboard as it changed position.

"Father says it'll wear out in no time if it's left up this way. Shiver my timbers! but it's a fine sailing breeze!" he commented, eying the pennant as it waved and snapped at the top of the mast. "I wish we could go for a real sail."

Just then there was a sudden shriek from Jeanette. "Oh, Robert! Robert! The rope's come untied, and we're going out! Stop it quick, or we'll be drowned!" she wailed.

Whirling about, Robert saw, as if in answer to his wish, a widening stretch of water between the boat and pier. For a moment he gazed at it stupidly, but recovered some of his presence of mind, however, when an off-shore wind struck the sail broadsides and nearly tipped the boat over. He grasped the tiller and shoved it over so as to right the vessel, which then, obediently, headed out into the lake. The breeze died away for a few moments and the boat seemed so manageable that the scared look on Robert's pale face became tempered by a gleam of exultation. He realized that a time had suddenly come when he could put into practice some of Uncle Jim's sailing instructions. One thing he clearly remembered: it was not only dangerous to have the sail tied down, as now, but it must be free in order to sail the boat. Therefore, he urged trembling Jeanette into taking the tiller while he unfastened the main-sheet—the rope controlling the sail. He worked with frantic haste and finally had it released, but then found that he could not manage that, and the tiller also.

Poor Jeanette—nearly paralyzed by fear—was not very helpful. And now, along came a saucy breeze—that ought to have known better—which suddenly filled out the flapping canvas, causing the boat to keel over so that it took in several buckets of water.

"Shove the tiller to the right!" shouted Robert. "No! I mean the left!" he corrected uncertainly, while he held to the tugging main-sheet with all his might, unable, however, to make much impression on it. Jeanette tried desperately to obey these contradictory orders, but without much success.

The climax of their unexpected voyage was not long delayed. They were still within hailing distance of the pier when a fresh burst of wind struck the sail and over went the boat.

Robert, who had considerable presence of mind, besides being a good swimmer, seized Jeanette's arm, yelling: "Hang on to the boat, Jeanette! Hang on tight!" but the little girl's head went under water before she could get a hold, and if the boy had not hung to her with might and main, while clinging to the center-board with one hand, she must have gone down very quickly.

"Help! Help!" shrieked Robert, realizing that his little playmate's hold was too feeble to last long. "Help!" and he looked around despairingly to see if there was any one to hear his cry. Then, with anxious relief, he caught sight of a launch, not far away, making all possible haste toward them, the people shouting encouragement as they came. Oh, would they get there in time? for he felt that Jeanette's grasp was surely weakening.

"Hang on just a minute more, Jeanette," he urged with shaking voice; "a boat's coming!" And they arrived not a moment too soon, for it was taxing the boy's utmost strength to keep his companion's head above the water.

First Jeanette and then Robert were lifted into the launch; but Jeanette looked

so lifeless in her clinging, white dress, that Robert, miserably crouching by the seat on which she was lying, supported by one of the ladies, fearfully wondered if she would ever open her eyes again.

But this she presently did, after being well rubbed and wrapped in hot blankets by the two thankful mothers who had been distressed witnesses of their children's peril.

After being assured that Jeanette was out of danger, Robert was willing to go home and change his wet clothing. Then, in happier mood, he went down to the pier to watch the towing in of the boat. With its sodden sail lying on the deck and saucy pennant clinging to the mast, it seemed to the boy to be dumbly expressing sorrow for the fright it had given them all. "Some day, young lady," warned Robert, sternly, "when I'm a little stronger [feeling his biceps hopefully], you won't be able to tip me over quite so easily. Wonder if Jeanette will want to have you named after her now! You don't deserve it, but we'll see," and he turned and looked wishfully toward the home of his little chum.

The Banquet of the Fairies.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

THE fairies had a banquet

On the lawn last night,
When the winds of day were still
And the moon was bright.

"Did I see them?" do you ask?

No, indeed, not I;
They would vanish—whist!—like that,
If they saw me nigh.

"How do I know?" Well, here and there,
Upon my lawn I found
Little tablecloths of lace
Hung with diamonds round.

Some people call them "spiderwebs,"
Wet with the dew of morn,
But explanations of that kind
I treat with hearty scorn.

For no one really was out there
To see just what they were,
For fairies skip—whist! whist!—like that
When they hear a stir.

So when I see these tablecloths
All silver with the dawn,
I know the fairies had last night—
A banquet on my lawn!

The Birthday Feast.

BY L. D. STEARNS.

"HEY, there, come back with that basket!" yelled Bob Maynard, turning just in time to see a small, ragged boy rapidly disappearing with the basket containing all the goodies belonging to their dinner.

The other two lads, Frank Hardy and Jim Barton, sprang to their feet. They had been lounging before a little blaze, telling stories, while Bob tended the fish, which simmered and sputtered appetizingly among the coals.

"Holy smoke! See the guy run!" Jim cried. Then, "I say, he's down!" and, as the thief fell sprawling full length on the grass, the three boys, with a delighted whoop,

were upon him, and quickly rescued the basket.

"You're a great one!" Frank sniffed. "Thief!"

The freckled, sharp-faced lad, peering up from the grass, grew sullen. "Reckon you're right," he said. "Only I wasn't going to steal it. I'd 'a' brought it back after a spell."

"Back!" Jim burst out indignantly. "What'd you take it for?"

"Oh, come," Bob chimed in, good-naturedly; "likely he's hungry. Come on, and have a taste of fish. There's enough for four."

Dan Grim raised himself from the grass, his tattered clothing and thin, sharp features seeming to emphasize Bob's words. "Honest, fellows," he said, with a certain boyish dignity, "I'd 'a' brought the basket back before the fish was done. I'd timed it."

The boys exchanged glances. Fun-loving, thoughtless, they had been carefully reared; and their training as Boy Scouts had developed a quick sympathy and keen intuition.

With one accord they turned again toward the fire as Bob held out the basket. "So long," he grinned; and, with a smothered cry, the sharp-faced lad caught it from him and disappeared in the woods.

"We'll never see that again," Jim declared.

"You bet we will," emphatically, as Bob threw his arm across the shoulder of his friend.

"Poor beggar!" Frank said gravely. "I, for one, don't care if we don't. I guess he needs it all right."

"That's so," laughed Jim.

The fish were soon done to a turn, the potatoes tinted just the right shade of brown, and the boys sitting Turk-fashion on the grass, ready to begin, when, with an excited whoop, Dan burst through the bushes.

"Wait!" he shrieked. "Wait! I've run like an Indian. I *knew* I'd be late," and, wiping the perspiration from his face with a ragged sleeve, he dropped the basket before them.

"My eye!" Frank exploded.

"Upon my soul!" Jim cried.

Bob moved coolly over. "Sit down, and pitch in," he invited.

"I've got to get back," the sharp-faced boy replied, shaking his head. "You see, it's Nan's birthday, and I hadn't a single cent for so much as a bite o' candy; takes about all I can get selling papers and blacking shoes to get *bread*. So when I saw that basket, I said, 'I'll give her just a *smell*, and get it back before they ever miss it.' She hasn't *touched* it, fellows; just *peeked*. And if you'd seen her eyes you'd been thanked all right. She can't walk, you see, *not a single step*. Poor little Nan!" The thin shoulders stiffened—the hungry eyes grew blurred. "It's pretty tough to have to depend on a rough guy like me being father and mother all in one," he said.

Jim dug his heel hard into the earth; somehow, he couldn't think of a thing to say. Frank cleared his throat. A *smell*! And she hadn't even touched *one* of all the many goodies the basket held! But Bob gave a little whoop, and began gathering up fish, potatoes, and basket, which last he handed to Dan. "Forward! March!" he commanded. "We'll go and eat the birthday feast with Nan."

Faster the race is run

As one by one

Our selfish handicaps away we fling.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

The Master's Men.

MY Master was a worker,
With daily work to do,
And he who would be like him
Must be a worker, too;
Then welcome honest labor,
And honest labor's fare,
For where there is a worker
The Master's man is there.

My Master was a comrade,
A trusty friend and true,
And he who would be like him
Must be a comrade, too;
In happy hours of singing,
In silent hours of care,
Where goes a loyal comrade
The Master's man is there.

My Master was a helper,
The woes of life he knew,
And he who would be like him
Must be a helper, too;
The burden will grow lighter
If each will take a share,
And where there is a helper
The Master's man is there.

Then, brothers brave and manly,
Together let us be,
For he who is our Master,
The Man of men was he;
The men who would be like him
Are wanted everywhere,
And where they love each other
The Master's men are there.

W. G. TARRANT.

In Training.

BY ZELIA MARGARET WALTERS.

WHEN Rosamond Williard came to spend the summer in Uncle Jerry's camp on the Great Lakes, she was what we are inclined to call a typical city schoolgirl. She attended a small private school that had no gymnasium, and the extent of the physical training was a leisurely daily walk. Then dear Aunt Julia with whom she had been living was one of the old-fashioned women who considered lively games unladylike. She encouraged Rosamond in her natural taste for sitting about the warm rooms, reading, practicing her music, and embroidering. But Aunt Theodora, Uncle Jerry's wife, was of a different type. Rosamond looked at the slim, graceful, clear-skinned little lady in a sort of wonder, that first day at camp. Uncle Jerry called her Teddy, and she didn't seem to mind at all. She wore a short brown denim dress that would, and did, stand as much romping as wee Bobby's rompers. But even in this severe camp costume Aunt Theodora was lovely.

She took the orphaned niece to her heart at once. But Rosamond soon saw that to be her aunt's companion meant something very different from lounging in the camp hammock. Aunt Theodora could walk twenty miles through the woods; she could swim farther than her husband; she could take her place with credit on the camper's baseball team; she could join in any game her two little boys suggested. And yet you never forgot that she was a charming, well-bred woman. Rosamond admired her greatly, but it seemed an impossible ideal. Rosamond began, however. She went for the walks, and the swimming lessons, and even

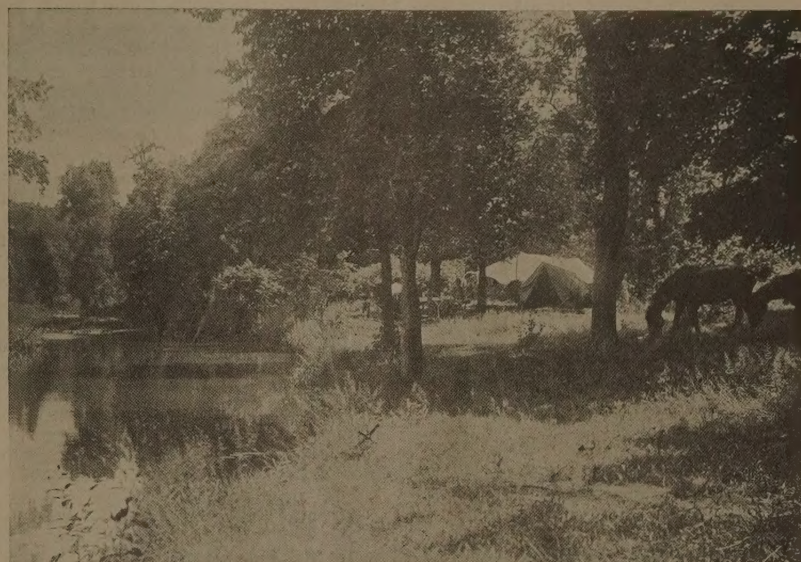


Photo by L. M. Thiers.

TENTING BY THE RIVER.

tried to play ball, though small Jerry actually hooted at her lack of skill.

"Aunt Theodora," she said, as they were walking one day, "how did you happen to take up this sort of thing?"

Aunt Theodora stole a quick, amused glance at the girl's face. "Well, my dear, I'll try to explain. I suppose I had a natural inclination for it. I was my father's comrade, you know. Then in my young girlhood I happened to be in a serious accident, and mainly because of my physical training, I think, I was able to pull myself together, and help the others who needed it, instead of giving away to nerves and hysterics as some of the women did. I evolved a sort of philosophy from that occasion. Women are as likely as men to meet hard things in life, and they need strength and courage, though for some reason we think of these as men's virtues. I am very sure, my dear, that women need them greatly. Of course a delicate woman may be brave and strong in spirit, but a strong body is a great help. If we are in perfect health, our nerves are far less likely to play us tricks in an emergency. I believe in being ready for whatever life offers, so I build up a strong body as a help to my mind and soul."

"Why, I believe that, too," said Rosamond. "Will you help me to get my body ready?"

"I'll help you every way I can, dear child, but you've made a good beginning already."

It was in mid-July that Rose tried to take account of herself, and see if she had improved. She looked in the glass with an impartial eye. The shoulders that were inclined to stoop had straightened. She had been obliged to let out the bands on her dresses. The much-deplored pimples were gone, and her skin was tanned a healthy color. Her eyes were bright and clear.

"And best of all I haven't 'nerves' any more," she said to herself. "I never even jumped when I was hanging up Bobby's rompers last night, and a frog hopped out of the pocket. And how I would have shrieked at that two months ago. I believe I'm getting in training."

With August that summer came a succession of responsibilities that made Rosa-

mond glad she was stronger. First Aunt Teddy was called away by her mother's illness, leaving Rosamond head of the summer camp. Little Jerry took that inconvenient time to pitch out of a tree, and break his arm.

"I wouldn't 'a' fell, but an old rotten limb broke," he assured them gamely as he came up to the piazza with one arm hanging limply.

Rosamond didn't faint, or even shriek. She ran out to the laboratory, as Uncle called his little den built apart from the main house, and telephoned for the nearest doctor. Then she helped undress Jerry and put him to bed. She got hot water ready, and kept compresses on the arm to keep down the swelling until the doctor should get there. She stayed with him through the disagreeable ordeal of having the bone set, and though she grew white with sympathy she still felt able to straighten his bed and room afterward, and to sit with him till he fell asleep. She agreed with Uncle that they wouldn't tell Aunt Teddy. It was the simplest kind of a fracture, and there was no danger, while Aunt Teddy was needed where she was. Uncle Jerry and Rose together could take care of the boy. Then a few days later, just as Jerry Junior was getting so he demanded lots of amusement, Uncle Jerry received a visit from a man in the city, and immediately after became very busy. He told Rose he was sorry, but it was work that couldn't wait. Rose knew the visitor was the chief of police from the big city to the south of them, and she knew that Uncle Jerry, who was a chemist of note, was sometimes asked to help in the solving of some problem connected with the city administration. Rose found that to take care of the sick boy and keep an eye on lively Bobby took nearly all her time. She got her daily swim while Jerry was taking his nap, and she sometimes smiled to think how eager she was for that.

Jerry was soon up, playing the invalid rather reluctantly, with his arm in its stiff binding, and a sling. But he could be out of doors, and Rose's care was lessened.

Uncle Jerry came in from the laboratory one morning with an air of suppressed excite-

ment. "Rose," he said, "I must go away on business for the day. Don't expect me till I come back. And please don't let any one in the laboratory to telephone to-day. This is important. No one is to go in. Of course you may use the telephone if necessary, but on no account send a message for any one else. I don't think any one will come, but there is a possibility. I've told George, the guide, to come up and stay in the house to-night in case I don't get back. So don't worry. You and Chloe will get along all right."

Now it was very well to say "Don't worry." But there was something mysterious in the air, and Rose felt a little shiver creeping over her.

"Uncle," she said, "would you mind taking the key with you? Then I can't let any one in. Mrs. Cass comes sometimes, and it would be awkward to refuse her if the key were here."

"But you might want it," said Uncle Jerry, looking at her with a troubled air.

"No, I'll not. We are not ordering anything from town to-day."

"Well, I'll take it. But if you should need to telephone, you may break open the window and get in."

"I'll not need it that badly," laughed Rose.

The laboratory had once been the camp house, and when the new and larger house was built the telephone was not moved. It was seldom used except for the ordering of supplies, and for Uncle Jerry's business.

Uncle Jerry took the key and went away, telling them again not to worry about anything. Rose brought some games out on the porch to play with Jerry, for he was not allowed to run about. Bobby was making an elaborate sand village under the big maple tree. Chloe, the cook, was singing in the kitchen. Rose smiled, and shook off her vague fear in this peaceful scene. Mrs. Cass, the nearest neighbor, did come to use the telephone, and said, "Oh, dear! What a bother!" when she found the key was gone. Soon after that an alert-looking young man came up the walk.

"I'm told you have a telephone," he said. "Will you let me use it?"

"My uncle is away, and he has the key," said Rose.

"Well, that's sure unlucky. I'm a reporter, and I've got an important story for my paper. Couldn't I pry my way in somehow? I'll be willing to pay well for any damage."

"It's quite out of the question," said Rose, positively. "The telephone is in Uncle's laboratory, and I couldn't allow any one to break in."

The young man looked quite rebellious, and Rose watched him until he got into his buggy, and drove away.

A passing lumberman and a stranger who said he was a preacher stopped to ask to use the telephone that morning. Rose was astonished. Sometimes a week passed without one person asking this favor. She was very glad Uncle had taken the key. Chloe called them in to lunch while she was thinking about it. At the table Rose shook off her uneasiness again.

An hour after lunch she darkened Jerry's room for his nap. Bobby was already asleep. She put on her bathing suit, with her raincoat over it, to run down to the beach. Just as she opened the door two men came up the steps. They were well-dressed men, who would have been passed unnoticed in a crowd, and yet Rose's heart-beat quickened a little.

"Madam, I understand you have a telephone. Would you be so good as to let me use it?" said the older of the two.

Rose repeated the familiar sentence about the key.

"The man's face darkened. 'This is a matter of life and death,' he said. 'In fact, we have left a comrade lying very ill in camp, and we must get a doctor to him as soon as possible. Is there no way to get into the building?'"

Rose's first impulse was to tell them to break the window. Surely Uncle wouldn't want to deny help to a sick man. But swift on this came the thought that she must do exactly as she was told.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but there isn't any way to get in. You'll have to go to town to telephone. It's only three miles. The doctor has an auto, and he can get back quickly."

As soon as the men turned away Rose was glad she had refused them. The story of the sick comrade hadn't seemed convincing.

"I think I'll watch them," was Rose's decision. She flew up to the stairway landing. The window there was the only one that commanded the laboratory, which was surrounded by trees and shrubbery. She didn't really expect to see them anywhere but on the road toward town, and when she did see the men making straight for the laboratory she seized the window sill for support.

"They're going to break in," she said, "and there must be an important reason why they shouldn't. What shall I do?"

The Rose of last spring would have cowered on the steps and wept. But not so the self-reliant young person she was now. For a moment she stood with tightly clasped hands. Then she seized a pair of scissors from the work basket on the window seat, and went flying down the back stairs. She had one advantage. She knew the grounds. She paused in the thick shrubbery at the corner of the building. The men were going to break in a window at the side farthest from the house. Rose waited only to hear this, and went to the telephone wires on the side nearest the house. Kneeling down, she worked desperately to sever the wires with her scissors. She was in the open now, and if the men came around the building they would find her. One wire was separated, and she wondered whether that was enough, but not being sure she attacked the other. As she was creeping back to the shrubbery, she heard the crash of breaking glass and the voices of men in the room. Once in the shrubbery she stood up, and hurried back to the house. She set Chloe to work locking the doors and windows, and from her place at the stairway window she watched. The men came out in a few minutes, but they did not come near the house. They set off through the woods at a rapid rate, and not in the direction of town.

Rose passed a restless night, and even the presence of George, the guide, on a cot in the lower hallway did not assure her. Her uncle had not returned.

He came the next morning, and when he heard her story his face lighted up.

"By George, Rose!" he said, "you're the right kind of a girl. Why, Teddy couldn't have done better herself. Do you know what you've done?"

Rose said she would like to know what it was all about.

"Well, the chief rounded up a gang of unusually clever counterfeiters, and part of them were in a little town up here. If

those two men had telephoned yesterday, they would have warned their friends to destroy a lot of plates and bad money. And the chief wouldn't have had any evidence. I guess you're the heroine of this affair. That's what it is to be a well-balanced young woman. You're able to think, and to do things."

"I was horribly afraid, Uncle," said Rose, pensively.

"Pooh, we're all afraid, more or less!" said her uncle. "But strong people do things whether they're afraid or not."

"Why, I must have got strong. How pleased Aunt Teddy will be!" said Rose, laughing.

Bubbles and Mud-cakes.

BY FAYE N. MERRIMAN.

"LET'S make soap-bubbles," suggested Fern.

"No, let's make mud-pies," cried Gerald.

"I don't want to make mud-pies," objected Fern.

"And I don't want to make soap-bubbles," said Gerald, crossly.

"Mud pies are messy," continued Fern, looking down at her clean dress.

"Bubbles don't last," argued her brother.

"I don't care, I think they are ever so much nicer than old mud-cakes," said Fern, "and I won't play with you, so there."

"All right, then, I will play by myself," said Gerald, and he went off into the lower part of the garden.

So Fern got the basin and made the suds, and commenced blowing soap-bubbles, but it was not much fun to blow them with no one to admire or to see if they could make bigger ones, so she laid down the pipe and walked slowly down into the garden.

Under the fig tree she met Gerald, who had found out also that it was not much fun making mud cakes and pies all by himself.

"I thought you were playing mud-baking," said Fern, digging her toe into the path.

"I quit. But I thought you were making soap-bubbles."

"I quit, too, but soap-bubbles are nicer than mud-pies," sniffed Fern.

"Well, I'll show you that they are not," said Gerald. "You come and see my mud-cakes, and then you show me your bubbles."

"But I can't—my soap-bubbles are all gone."

"Then that proves that mud is better to play with than soap-suds," said Gerald, triumphantly. "I have something to show for my play, and you don't."

Fern looked puzzled. "Let's go and ask mother about it," she said.

"Which is the better, mud-pies because they last, or bubbles because they are beautiful?" laughed Mamma when they put the question to her. "Why, what little debaters you are!"

"Mud-cakes are best," asserted Gerald.

"No, bubbles are," said Fern.

Their mother drew them both to her side. "I think they are both best in their place," she said, "for bubbles represent the dreams and mud-pies the realities, and our lives would be poor indeed without either one of them."

"Then we will play mud-pies for a while," said Fern.

"And after that blow soap-bubbles," cried Gerald. And so the matter was settled.



A Sunday-school Procession in England.

BY JULIA W. GOODRIDGE.

IT was our happy fortune one week last June to be lodging in a pleasant house in Warwick, England, almost opposite St. Mary's Church.

We found the church very interesting in many ways. We enjoyed, especially, listening to the chimes, high up in the beautiful church tower. Each day there was a different tune played every three hours, from six o'clock in the morning until nine at night. It was quite exciting to listen before we were up in the morning, or while we were eating breakfast, to hear if the tune was to be "Coming thro' the Rye," "Bluebells of Scotland," "Home, Sweet Home," which we knew, or whether it would be "Warwickshire Lads and Lassies," which we didn't know, but which sounded as if we would like to know it.

Another thing which we found interesting, and very different from what we ever saw in America, was a little set of shelves in the back part of the church filled on Saturday with loaves of bread to be given to the poor people of the parish on Sunday morning. This bread is bought with money left by different people for that purpose, and one shelf was marked "Mr. Smith's dozen two-penny loaves," another, "Mrs. Jones' eight three-penny loaves," and so on; but if you were to read the labels aloud you should say "tuppenny" and "thrippenny" if you want to be really English.

But the most interesting thing of all was the "Annual Meeting" of all the Church of England Sunday schools in that vicinity, which fortunately occurred one afternoon during our week's stay.

From the window of our room we could see much that would take place, and soon after luncheon the children began to arrive. Whole schools came, all marching together with their teachers, singing their Sunday-school hymns. Others, too far away to walk, came in hay wagons, or delivery wagons, or any kind of a wagon into which a lot of children could be crowded. Still others, in twos and threes, were brought by older members of the family, and one poor lame boy was brought in a wheeled chair pushed by a boy who could walk. By two o'clock all had arrived. The church bell rang, and the children with a few grown-ups thronged into the church. We, too, leaving our window seats, followed after them. At first the policeman who stood guard at the door was not going to let us in, supposing that we were simply tourists who wanted to look at the famous Beauchamp Chapel inside the church; but when we told him we only wanted to see the children, he gave us a friendly smile and allowed us to enter. There was "standing room only," and not much of that, so completely did the children fill the church. They were having a simple service of responsive readings and hymns, and a man in a dark flannel shirt with a handkerchief tied around his neck offered us a printed slip of paper containing the service.

After singing the last hymn we hurried back to our window, for the procession,

which was the principal sight, would soon be forming. By this time many of the townspeople and the children from other Sunday schools, the "non-conformists" as they are called, had gathered on the sidewalks to watch the proceedings. Very quickly the lines were formed, the church bell rang out merrily, the band which was leading began to play, and off they marched, hundreds of boys and girls, each one waving a small flag. There were English flags and Irish flags and Scotch flags, and "Oh, there is *ours*," we cried, as one small boy waved his little United States flag. At the end of the long procession came the little lame boy in the wheeled chair, and then a very dear old minister got into his little carriage and drove on behind them all.

It will probably sound very grand to you when I tell you that they were all going to the grounds of Warwick Castle, where the Countess of Warwick, who is always doing kind things, had opened some of the beautiful meadows of her estate bordering the Avon River for them. There they were to play games and amuse themselves all the afternoon. Then they would have "refreshments" as we should say, but "have tea" as they say in England, and each child would receive a present. To us Americans it seemed rather a cold, raw day for out-of-door festivities, but English people are more accustomed to cool weather in the summer than we are, and I hope the little girls were comfortable in their thin dresses.

There is one thing about these children that I have not told yet, and that is that they were all poor, many of them very poor. We were told that they look forward to this one day's pleasure the whole year, and that their mothers, like all mothers the world over, take great pains to have their children "clean and decent" for the occasion. Well dressed they could not be. The poorness of their clothes was all too evident, and we saw little girls with their mothers' jackets on, the long sleeves turned back to leave the small hands free.

Now, what do you suppose flashed into my mind when I saw all these poor children? For a little bit of a minute I almost wished that our Unitarian Sunday-school children were *poor*, and then we who give our time and strength in Sunday-school work would feel that we had something definite to do for them, that they and their parents would understand and appreciate; for when children are so well fed, so well clothed, and so well entertained as our Unitarian children are, there does not seem to be much that the Sunday school can do for them that shows.

However, a few weeks after that we had another experience, which I will tell you about. We were back in America and visiting among the people where we had been in Sunday-school work a number of years ago; so long ago, in fact, that the children who were in the younger classes are now in high school and college and those of the older classes are in business, or practicing profes-

sions or married with children of their own to send to Sunday school.

We inquired about many of them and were told what they were doing, and where they lived, and almost without exception all were "doing well." The young men were in positions of responsibility, trusted and respected by every one; the young women were either capable heads of households, or doing good in some other way. Not all were getting rich, but all were good citizens, men and women of influence and character. The majority of them had stayed in Sunday school until they had gone to college or into business. As I was thinking over the uniformly good reports of our former pupils, I realized that it did not just *happen* that these young people had been so successful in their lives, and I felt sure that the work of character building for which our Unitarian Sunday schools stand had been one of the important influences for good which had helped them. The more I thought of it the more I was sure of it, and I no longer regretted that our work had not been among poor children, but among those who are going to help make the world so much better that by and by there will not be so many poor children either in England or America.

Sunday-school News.

CHILDREN'S DAY was observed in the Church of the Messiah, New York, on May 24, at the hour of morning service. The members of Messiah Sunday school attended in a body. There were special anthems by the choir and songs by the children. The minister, Rev. John Haynes Holmes, gave a sermon especially adapted to children and young people.

A large and enthusiastic Boys' Club has been organized in connection with St. John's German Sunday school, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Part of a down-stairs room in the church has been converted into a gymnasium for the use of the boys, with basket ball, horizontal bars, and indoor baseball as some of the features. The Club meets every Wednesday evening, holding a business meeting first and then playing games under adult leadership. A fine ritual is used to initiate new members. Of course, they have a club pin, grip, and pass-word.

In the same school the teachers this year, for the third time, gave an Easter party for the members of the school and their parents. They entertained two hundred and fifty with music, story-telling, and recitations, furnished by members of the Cincinnati School of Expression. Text-books and reference books used and owned by the Sunday school were arranged for inspection, and a fine exhibit of the note-books and handwork of the Primary Department was made.

At Portland, Maine, the Sunday-school equipment was arranged as an exhibit in the Sunday-school room, in May, and surprised even the members of the school itself by its extent and variety. This school is one of three in our denomination which has secured the highest rank as set by our Standard of Excellence, that of being a Record school.

A teacher was explaining to a little girl how the trees developed their foliage in the springtime. "Ah, yes," said the little miss, "I understand; they keep their summer clothes in their trunks."

Christian Register.

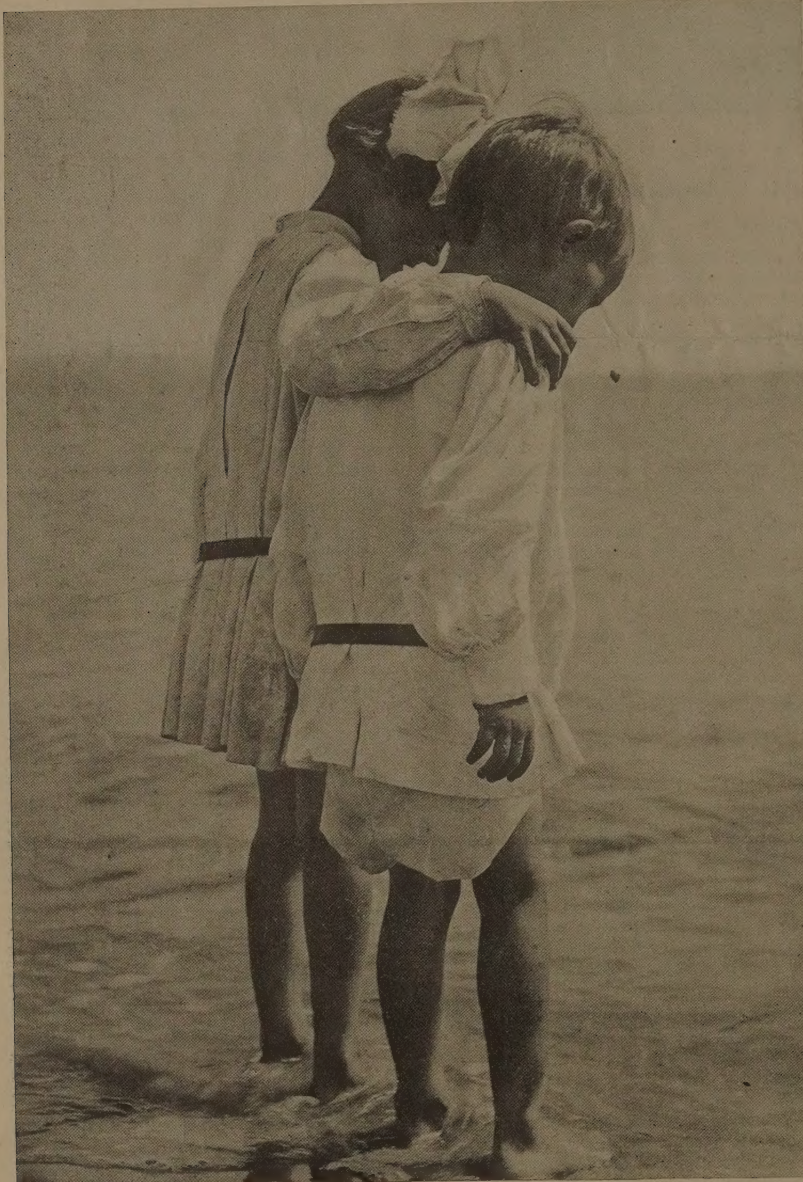


Photo by Harry A. Thompson.

DOWN BY THE SEA.

It is fun to be here when the tide comes in,
With a rush, and a roar, and a terrible din;
It is fun to jump through the biggest billow,
And lie at rest on a foamy pillow,
And to float on the top of the sea.

It is fun to be here when the tide goes out.
What fun it is to wander about,
And hunt for stones with a lucky ring,
And delicate seaweed, and everything
We can find on the shore of the sea!

ANNIE E. CHIPPENDALE,
in The Youth's Companion.

The Little Tin House.

BY MARY ELLERTON.

HAVE you ever seen a tin house with a wooden front? a house with no windows, with only one door, and that only an inch wide? I know just such a little house, and it swings "safe and high" in the apple tree in Jack's back yard. Jack knows all about it; of course he does, for he made the little house all himself.

It happened one rainy Saturday morning when Jack felt quite out-of-sorts. He was standing by the window, looking out dolefully, when Uncle Dan discovered him.

"Nothing to do?" asked Uncle Dan. "Well, well! Let me see! What do you say to making a bird-house? I'll show you how. Come on!"

Jack clattered down cellar after his uncle, with a joyful feeling that something nice was going to happen.

"First, you find an old tomato-can," directed Uncle Dan.

"Whoever heard of?"—began Jack, but, catching his uncle's eye, he said no more, and ran off to find the can.

"Now heat the soldering iron, and melt off what is left of the tin cover," said Uncle Dan when Jack returned with the can. It was soon done, and Jack was ready for the next thing.

"I think the bottom of this little round box will just fit in the end of the can," said Uncle Dan, "but before you nail it in, you must make a hole in it for the door. Take the auger and bore a hole about an inch wide a little above the middle of the circle."

Jack made the hole and then nailed the wooden end into the tin can.

"Is the bird-house finished now, Uncle Dan?" he asked.

"Yes," said his uncle. "Now we'll go out and find a good place for it, so run upstairs and get your rubber coat."

The rain had stopped and the sun was just peeping out when Jack with his bird-house and Uncle Dan with a long ladder crossed the back yard to the old apple tree. Jack wound a stout wire around the little house, and Uncle Dan climbed up and swung it over a high limb.

"House To Let for the Season," he called out, when he had fastened it securely. "No English sparrows need apply."

But of course it was the English sparrows who found it first. They inspected the little house thoroughly, but the door was not quite large enough to suit them, so they went away scolding about it.

Jack watched the little tin house anxiously day after day, but not a bird seemed to be interested in it.

"I'm afraid the birds don't like my little house," he said to his Uncle Dan.

"Wait and see," replied his uncle.

About a week later there was such a flurry in the orchard. Two little busybodies with bright eyes and perky tails were bustling back and forth carrying bits of string, horsehair, and tufts of cotton (which Jack had provided) into the little house in the apple tree. Such a merry, busy, happy time you never did see! What was it all about? Can't you guess? Why, Mr. and Mrs. Wren had set up house-keeping in the little tin house.

Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher.
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

In the Land of Sunshine.

BY LOU D. STEARNS.

JEANNIE ran down the steps with a hop and skip, danced across the narrow space of lawn, and paused at her own particular corner of the yard where, by a pile of newly emptied earth, numerous small dishes and bits of broken crockery sat on the topmost shelf of a tiny cupboard.

Beside the earth stood a pail of sparkling water, with a big spoon, for this was baking day.

"Meow-ow, meow-ow."

Yellow Puss came purring about the pail, and, stretching out her pretty head, started to take a drink.

"O! Puss!" Jeannie's tone was filled with horror. "You *can't* have that. Why, it's for bread and cake."

"Cluck, cluck."

Old Speckle, with her small brood of downy chicks, wandered up, tipped her head first this way, then that, and came longingly up to the pail.

"Shoo!" Jeannie's tone was impatient, and she frowned and waved her pink-and-white checked apron briskly, driving the little hen far across the yard.

She poured a bit of water into the earth and began mixing it briskly around, and soon big, smooth loaves of cake, and half a dozen pies, dotted with bits of raisins and spice, were baking in the sun.

It was very hot, and Jeannie knew they would soon be done, so, pushing back her damp curls, she lay down in the shade, under a great tree, to wait.

Hardly had she touched the cool grass when a little man appeared at her side. "Little lady," said he, "would you like to come with me into the Land of Sunshine?"

She sprang quickly up. "Why," she cried, "I never knew there *was* such a land."

He made a low courtesy. "It is the most beautiful place in all the world," he replied. "There no one is ever really sad; no dark days come, no clouds; nothing but shine."

Jeannie smiled. "I hate rainy days," she nodded, "because then I cannot go out to play."

The little man tapped his boot impatiently. "Will you come?" he asked.

Holding out her hand, she stepped toward him, and the very next instant they were there.

Everywhere, the most beautiful

music sounded. Roses, larger than any she had ever seen, and red as blood, grew beside great white lilies, with deep hearts of gold. Violets, buttercups, pansies,—every flower she knew,—grew by the waysides and among the grass. Fountains splashed and glittered, little gleams like gold flashed here and there, while the song of the birds was sweeter than any music she had ever heard.

The little people worked and played and sang and danced all about, but those who worked the hardest were as happy as those who played.

Suddenly it began to rain,—great, pelting drops! But no one minded, and Jeannie noticed that even the rain was full of beautiful sparkles and gleams.

The little man came to her side. "We never say it rains," he explained, "but that it is time for the good God

and kind. "When you forget to give Yellow Puss her morning drink," said he, "and drive Speckle off, though you know she has had neither food nor drink, you are driving the sunshine away."

"Oh!" she murmured.

"If you would really like," he continued, "to live in a world like ours, you must be kind, never frown, and make some one or something glad every day."

"Meow-ow, meow-ow."

Jeannie started up, rubbing her eyes.

By her side Yellow Puss cried pleadingly. Over in the corner Speckle and her brood of chicks were scratching among her pies and cakes which small Harold had scattered right and left.

Her mother came anxiously down the walk. "I'm so sorry, dear," said she;



Photo by Belle Johnson.

SUNSHINE-MAKERS.

to water the earth, and so we are glad."

"Oh! oh!" Jeannie exclaimed. "What a beautiful, beautiful place!"

With an odd motion he touched his cap. "You can live in it forever, if you like," he granted. "All the difference between *your* world and *ours* is that *here* we keep the sunshine in our hearts."

She shook her curls doubtfully. "But," she faltered, "it's *everywhere*."

"Just the same as you have," he insisted, "even to the rain. Only when there's sunshine in the heart, one *sees* it everywhere."

He came a step closer, and his queer, little wrinkled face grew very grave

"but, while you slept, Baby spoiled all your nice cakes."

For just a second quick anger touched her cheeks, then she remembered,—to be kind—never to frown—to make some one glad every day.

She looked up with a smile. "Never mind," she nodded. "I can make some more when I've given Puss and Speckle a drink."

Her mother bent quickly and kissed her. "That's the kind of a girl who makes sunshine," she smiled.

Jeannie gave a happy little skip, and a bright light came to her face. "Oh," she cried joyously, "then the little man was really, *truly* right!"

THE BEACON.

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From the Editor to You.

Children's Day. Most of our churches and schools observe Children's Day, or Flower Sunday as it is sometimes called, at the end of May or the first or second Sunday in June. Often the school and church services are held together with appropriate exercises, and the minister speaks to the children, or to the parents and teachers about the children's religious life. When the school holds a separate session, flowers are much in evidence, and all the hour is planned to give the children joy in the thought of their church, and the faith for which it stands,—a faith that finds God in the flower and the leaf, and in the soul of the little child.

The Beacon. This issue of our paper is the special Children's Day number. It closes Vol. IV., and will be the last published until the first Sunday in October. These four volumes of our paper under the name of *The Beacon* succeeded twenty-five annual volumes of the same paper under the name *Every Other Sunday*. Before that it had been published for some time as *The Dayspring*. Our paper, then, numbers a good many more years of life than the majority of its readers.

This volume is substantially larger than Vol. III., although it has not been possible to present so many double numbers as was hoped. The Beacon Club has flourished all through the year. The Young Contributors' Department has offered very creditable articles and poems from some of our young people from ten to sixteen years of age. A Boys' Number and a Mother's Day issue of exceptional excellence were new features this year. The Girls' Number will appear in the autumn, and will interest many readers besides those to whom it is especially addressed.

Once each month a short devotional service has appeared. The Editor hopes that some of these poems and prayers have reached the hearts of child readers, helping them better to express their own thought. For *The Beacon* means, above all, to make religion a vital thing to its readers, and to help them find God in all the experiences of their daily lives.

We hope that the charming picture of "The Pearl of Orr's Island," which we print on the first page of this number, will send many of our older readers to the library shelves for Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's delightful story bearing that title.

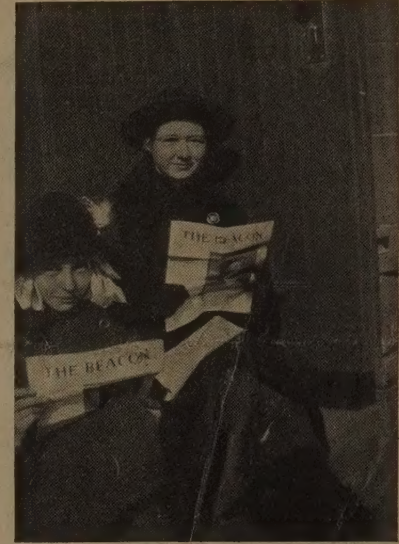
THE BEACON CLUB.

[Letters for this department must be written on one side of the paper only, and should be addressed to Editor of *The Beacon*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.]

The Beacon Club.

THE second year of our Club has been a very happy one for all its members, because each one has tried to carry out its thought of being helpful. Your letters have been of interest to the Editor and to many readers. We have learned from them what some of the Sunday schools are doing, and how large a service clubs and class organizations may render. Some happy friendships have been formed through letters the members have written each other. The letters which were not published were those which said little, if anything, more than that their writers wished to join the Club. We are always glad to receive letters from the members who have written before, and these will be published when they contain matters of interest to the Club.

What shall you write about? The Editor suggests: (1) Doings of your Sunday school or church. (2) Activities of clubs or class organizations to which you belong—Lend-a-Hand, Scouts, Camp Fires, Boys' Clubs and Girls' Clubs under any name, of which you are members. (3) Books you like best and hope other Club members will read. (4) Trips you have taken and what you saw that was interesting. (5) Your own observation of some natural object, the ways of birds or ants or bees. You will think of other things. Write, even in vacation, and



make your letter as bright and interesting as possible.

Here are two Beacon Club members who are proud to be seen carrying a copy of *The Beacon*. They are coming out of Sunday-school and are sitting on the steps of the Lenox Avenue Church in New York. May that school send us more Beacon Club members, and find their work together to be part of that helpfulness for which the Club stands.

Devotional.

BY REV. MARION S. HAM.

READINGS.

The Lord is my shepherd.

In the broad and sunny meadow,
Deep with grasses and with flowers,
Flocks of sheep and lambs are feeding
Through the shining summer hours.

Close beside them stands the shepherd,
Watching lest the wee ones roam;
Leads them when the shadows gather
Safely to their fold at home.

God in heaven is our shepherd,
Watches o'er us every day;
Gives us food and home and clothing,
Hears and answers when we pray.

Bible.

Selected.

PRAYER.

OUR Father in heaven, we know that we are thy children, and that thou watchest over us always with tender care. Give us, we pray thee, a clear understanding of what thou wouldst have us do, and help us in every thought and act to obey thy voice speaking within us. Amen.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA LXXI.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 9, 7, 12, 5, is to dispatch.
My 5, 14, 15, 9, are parts of a month.
My 10, 1, 11, 13, is to run swiftly.
My 2, 3, 6, 7, is to employ.
My 8, 3, 4, 7, is a river in Africa.
My whole is an important day in the Sunday-school calendar.

J. M.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 34.

ENIGMA LXVII.—Unitarian Church of Berkeley.
ENIGMA LXVIII.—Now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love.

TABLE FURNISHINGS.—1. Napkin. 2. Salt-cellar. 3. Criet. 4. Saucer. 5. Cream-pitcher. 6. Decanter. 7. Caster. 8. Nut Bowl. 9. Fork. 10. Plate.

A CHARADE.—Friendship.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 35.

ENIGMA LXIX.—Confederation of the Congo.
TREES AND BOYS.—1. Beech. 2. Maple. 3. Palm. 4. Gum. 5. Pine. 6. Fir. 7. Balsam. 8. Smoke-tree. 9. Elder. 10. Spruce. 11. Mistletoe. 12. Bass.

GEOGRAPHICAL STORY, PART II.—11. Green. 12. Sable. 13. Auburn. 14. Black. 15. Cleveland. 16. Society. 17. Albert. 18. Baker. 19. Buffalo. 20. Cologne. 21. Save.

ENIGMA LXX.—Longfellow.

PROVERB.—Labor overcomes everything.

SIMPLE WORD SQUARES.—

1. MAN	2. HARD	3. CAT
ALE	AREA	ARE
NEW	RENT	TEN
	DATE	

The correct answer to Enigma No. LX. has been received from Helen W. Kendall, Waverley, Mass.

Young Contributors' Department.

Open only to members of the Beacon Club under eighteen years of age. Conditions which must be observed will not again be published, but will be sent to any one writing for them and enclosing two-cent stamp.

SUBJECTS.

[Prose offered must not exceed three hundred words; verse, not more than twenty lines. Puzzles must be original with the sender, with no two in the same kind, and must be accompanied by answers and indorsement.]

Group X. Must be received before September 1.

1. Story or Essay: "My Best Summer Vacation."
2. Verse: "At Grandpa's Farm."
3. Three puzzles, other than enigmas.